

BACK TO SCHOOL.

Two Hundred Thousand Boys and Girls Resume Their Studies.

Their Class-Rooms Furbished Up for Their Welcome.

Five Brand New School-Houses Opened in the Uptown Districts.

Vacation is gone. The streets and avenues were filled with bright, ruddy and brown-faced children this morning, nicely combed and in spick-span new dresses, with the paraphernalia of school in their little trunks.

School has begun, and after nine weeks of play and fun 200,000 boys and girls of the New York public schools are at their work again.

They run in age from the A. B. C. of six years to the learned young student of the College of the City of New York, and the sweet bits of budding womanhood of the Normal College.

Parochial and private schools regulate their work and play seasons by the public school calendar, and one hundred thousand pupils in such institutions began work this morning.

Two thousand teachers, male and female, guide the intellectual footsteps of the children of the public schools, and there are 128 school buildings in the city, the Board of Education having control of 223 schools.

Last year there was an average daily attendance of 146,000, while the school register bore the names of no less than 282,701 embryo citizens of the United States and the future wives and mothers of New York. Supt. Jasser thinks there are 10,000 more public school children this year, and that the average daily attendance will be 150,000.

To accommodate this always increasing number of children who "hate to be a fool six," five new buildings have been erected during the vacation, and all the other buildings have been rearranged so as to increase the accommodations as far as possible.

Of the new schools one is at One Hundred and thirty-eighth street for 2,000 children, to accommodate 3,000 children. It was opened to-day. Grammar School 86, at Lexington avenue and Ninety-sixth street, will receive 2,200 pupils from the overcrowded Grammar School 37. It is a beautiful building, fire-proof and with fire-proof staircases, and every precautionary improvement for the safety and health of the children.

Another at Ninth avenue and One Hundred and fourth street for 2,000 children, at that growing section, and the fifth is at Lexington and Lewis streets. These new schools will be opened this week or next.

Besides these, school buildings are being erected at High Street, One Hundred and thirty-fourth street and Lenox avenue, One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street and St. Nicholas avenue and Eagle avenue and One Hundred and thirty-third street, and will be completed next Spring.

Supt. George W. Debevoise has not been having so much of a vacation these past nine weeks. While the teachers and children have been resting he and 3,000 workmen have been putting in hard work, and every school in the city has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired.

For general repairs, painting, putting on locks, flooring, hardware and such things, \$105,000 has been expended; plumbing and sanitary repairs have cost \$100,000; repairs to the heating apparatus, \$150,000; and new heating apparatus, \$30,000. Over \$30,000 worth of new seats, desks and other furniture have been put in the schools, and to the children's mind to mental workshops that are about perfect.

The City College will not open for work till Thursday, and then 1,700 young people will attend. Of No. 37 will be transferred to the Normal College, and the parochial schools take 30,000 and the private schools 35,000 children.

The movement of the city's population towards the northern end of the city keeps the Board of Education busy providing accommodations for the ever-increasing number of school children.

The schools below Fourteenth street are not crowded," says Supt. Jasser, "but the increase in school population above that street has been in advance of us for some time, but by 1892 we shall have caught up, and there will be twenty-five new school buildings erected between now and then.

The natural increase of 5,000 to 7,000 a year makes it necessary for us to provide new buildings each year, and we shall build many more than that, for which sites have already been selected.

There have been a few changes among the teachers. Emma A. Johnson will be principal of the female department of No. 86 and W. A. Owen and his boys, of the boys' department of No. 87. Mr. Jasser, who is principal of the Normal College, and the parochial schools take 30,000 and the private schools 35,000 children.

BASEBALL STANDING THIS MORNING.

League.	Team.	W.	L.	P.	P.	P.
National Association.	Boston	102	67	38	10	.638
	Pittsburgh	101	67	38	10	.638
	Philadelphia	100	67	38	10	.638
	Chicago	99	67	38	10	.638
	Cleveland	101	67	38	10	.638
	Pittsburgh	101	67	38	10	.638
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	Pittsburgh	101	67	38	10	.638
	Pittsburgh	101	67	38	10	.638
	Pittsburgh	101	67	38	10	.638
American Association.	Brooklyn	101	67	38	10	.638
	Brooklyn	101	67	38	10	.638
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A Year Ago To-Day.

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Harry Gennet's Funeral.

The remains of the late Harry Gennet were interred to-day at Woodlawn.

The funeral was held yesterday at his late residence, 100 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. Although the ceremonies were private, the house was thronged with the friends of the dead man.

Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Virgin, of the Pilgrim Church, officiated, and the services were very brief and simple.

TWO BATTLE DAYS.

Baltimore Begins a Week's Commemoration of Them.

President Harrison a Guest of the City for the First Day.

He and a Monster Parade the Features of To-Day's Programme.

It is only the name of Oriole City that can in any way apply, and even the oriole would find his brilliancy of plumage far behind the gay colors which cover all the buildings here and flutter in every breeze.

The city awakened this morning to the opening of a whole week's celebration.

On Sept. 12, seventy-five years ago, the Yankees did to the British what the Yankees did to the British.

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UNFATHOMED.

Jersey's Police Baffled by a Barbarous Murder Mystery.

Old Avidious Shot and Nearly Beheaded by Unknown Hands.

His Mutilated Body Found in a Marsh in the Suburbs.

NEWARK, Sept. 9.—Detectives from all over New Jersey are helping the Newark police to-day in an effort to solve Newark's latest murder mystery. So far the search for the fiend of fiends, who so horribly murdered and mutilated Francisco Avidious, and left him dead on the marsh near Harrison, proves fruitless.

The clues the police have so far obtained are very slight. Detectives are now scouring the Italian quarter here and in New York for further information regarding the murdered man.

The police here have no theory. They are at a loss to understand the motive that prompted such a fiendish butchery.

They rather incline towards the supposition that it was actuated by revengeful motives. It is known that Avidious had had trouble with his son-in-law when he lived at 87 Mulberry street, New York.

One day he caught his son-in-law in a compromising situation with his wife, and he beat him severely.

Then he came to Newark to escape arrest. Chief Hopper has asked Inspector Byrnes to search for the son-in-law, but the latter's name is not known. Neither can a description be given of him.

Three or four slight clues came in to Chief Hopper this morning.

A Mrs. Tripp, who lives at 519 Railroad avenue, a half mile above the Bridge street bridge, says she saw Avidious, or a man answering his description, pass her place with another man about 9 o'clock on Sunday evening.

The bridge-tender, Osborn, also noticed the two men. The man with Avidious is described as being large man, poorly dressed.

Another clue, which seems to be a little more tangible, was also brought to light. It rather upsets the other theory.

The victim of the murder was an old man and feeble; a poor Italian bootblack, and his murder was virtually ascertained from the body.

Every vein in the neck was cut in twain, and the head and body were held together by the continuation of the spinal column.

The body was found yesterday afternoon many hours after life had been extinguished, and it was not to be the slightest clue to the perpetrator.

After some delay the murdered man was identified as Frank Avidious, an old Italian bootblack. He was a clever, god-natured old fellow and seemed to be peaceable to all.

A Pennsylvanian Railway watchman was walking along a span of track leading from East Newark along the Passaic River to Newark when he discovered the body of the murdered man lying in a wet spot on the meadows, which are a little better than a marsh here.

The body was clad in a blue flannel shirt and coarse pepper and salt coat and trousers. Nearby on the ground was a bootblack's kit. There was a little blood scattered on the short grass, but no such marks as might be looked for, for the man's throat was cut from ear to ear, and there were three bullet wounds in the breast, two of which must have penetrated the heart.

There was no blood on the ground nor other indication of a struggle, and the holes in the shirt to correspond to the bullet holes looked as if they had been pinched out rather than as if they had been made by the pistol shots, for they were not burned nor blackened, while the flesh about the wounds was both burned and blackened.

Each of where the murdered man was summoned and the body was removed to the Harrison Morgue, where Chief of Police Hopper and Detectives Ward and Carroll laid out the body.

The Italian of Canal street pool-room, the idea that the old man was murdered for plunder, and hint materialistically that Avidious might have been distasteful to the Mafia and that that society ordered his death.

It was not until the body was found in the marsh that the police were convinced that the murder was not a simple case of robbery.

The bullet wounds were evidently made through the heart and the other in the collar and the neck. The man was well dressed and wore all his clothes. His left eye was gone. He appeared to be about twenty years old, and was clean shaven. He clambered upon the dock and disappeared through Clark's lumber yard.

Chief Hopper has men at work on all these clues and hopes that something definite may result from them.

The body still lies in the East Newark Morgue awaiting the action of the Coroner. It is horribly mutilated, the head being nearly severed from the body. Three bullet wounds are visible. Two are in the left breast, close together, and the other in the right breast, just under the collar bone.

BACK FIELD DAY.

Great Gathering of Witnesses at the District-Attorney's Office.

Referee Benjamin Meeks Taken Before the Grand Jury.

Will Flack, the Sheriff, Lawyer Wright, and the Cameron Sisters Also on Hand.

The Grand Jury is likely to have a pretty thorough knowledge of the affairs of Sheriff Flack and his dual life to ponder over tonight upon, for Mrs. Margaret Smith and her sister, Miss Cameron, of 15 West Thirtieth street, were hustled into the private room of Assistant District-Attorney Goff this morning and went before the grand inquisition to testify.

Mrs. Smith is the lady with whom "Mr. and Mrs. Raymond" and their boy boarded for some years, and whose identity as Sheriff Flack and his mistress was exposed by THE EVENING WORLD when it exploded the Flack divorce bombshell.

Mrs. Raymond was apparently innocent of the fact that "Mr. Raymond" had another wife, and the Cameron sisters were righteously indignant when they discovered it, and that their names had been appended as witnesses in behalf of Mrs. Flack before the Revere Meeks.

Lawyer Benjamin Wright, in close cut mutton-chops and as sleek as a kitten, appeared in the brownstone court-house at 10.30 this morning, a half-hour before the time of the Grand Jury.

He looked like a pocket edition of Chauncey M. Depew, but was quite pale. He was accompanied by Judge H. C. Van Vleet, who is a counsel, and a knot of reporters: "Now I have to tell all I know about this case. I have nothing to conceal."

Now that is absurd. I don't know anything about it further than was stated in my affidavit read in the motion for the decree of divorce before Judge Bookstaver. I am here to tell the Grand Jury all I know unreservedly. But it won't be Col. Fellows, looking as bright as a penny in a brand new suit of blue cassimere, with black silk fangs, smiled indently and would say nothing further.

A number of witnesses to appear before the Grand Jury in the Flack matter, and Mr. Goff, flushed and perturbed, fidgeted in and out, but he was only watching and waiting further than that "we are plodding along patiently and carefully, feeling our way as we go."

A moment after 11 o'clock Referee Meeks stepped off the elevator and shot into the Grand Jury room, looking as if he half expected to have his movements accelerated by the propulsion of somebody's boot, and after that there was only waiting and waiting outside the jury room while the Grand Jury listened to the stories of the several witnesses in turn, beginning with Meeks.

After the first witness, who was Will Flack, paid a visit to the District-Attorney early this morning. They were closeted with Col. Fellows and Mr. Goff for some time, and after that there was only waiting and waiting outside the jury room while the Grand Jury listened to the stories of the several witnesses in turn, beginning with Meeks.

The Flacks, father and son, then walked together to the park, entered the Flack Court-House and went direct to the Sheriff's private office in the west end of the basement. They declined to say a word as to the purpose of the visit to the District-Attorney and closeted themselves in the Sheriff's sanctum.

Meeks was taken before the Grand Jury for identification only, and hurried away looking as if he had been through a mill.

Then Mrs. Smith, a plump little body, in a black dress and black silk bonnet, was ushered into the Grand Jury room.

THE ENGLISH BLUE JACKETS' DIET.

Filling, 'tis True, but Often too Active to Eat.

[From the London Naval and Military Gazette.]

The great B. P., looking at the scaled diet as laid down by the Admiralty ages ago, said that Jack gets salt pork and pea soup, salt beef and plum duff, or preserved meat and potatoes or rice; cocoa for breakfast, tea and biscuit for supper. He looks, we say, at the scale, the dear innocent, and he says it is good. Is it? Turn we to the first, best, and most frequent diet of the British sailor, and after some delay the murdered man was identified as Frank Avidious, an old Italian bootblack.

At 2 o'clock on Sunday morning Tony Avidious and his sister made inquiries at Police Headquarters for his father, who, he said, had not come home, and he thought might be under arrest for something or other.

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SUNSET COX DYING.

The Statesman-Humorist Sinking Away at His Home.

His Physicians Say He Can Live But a Few Days.

An Attack of Fever Developed into Acute Pneumonia.

Anxious Inquirers at the Congressman's Residence in Twelfth Street.

Congressman Samuel Sullivan Cox is dying at his home, 18 East Twelfth street. Four days ago he was confined to his bed by an attack of what he supposed to be malarial fever.

This rapidly developed into acute pneumonia, which has defied the best medical skill.

Yesterday his physicians gave up all hope and announced that the days of the statesman-humorist could be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

It is not generally known, but the death of Congressman Cox will remove from the field a candidate for President.

To his efforts the Dakotas, Montana and Washington, owe their Statehood, and his credit to the nation for his services as a Congressman. He was elected to Congress in 1892.

Congressman Cox was to have lectured on his visit to Yellowstone Park before the Stockier Association to-morrow night.

CHINATOWN'S GALA OVER.

OPPRESSIVE SILENCE IN MOTT STREET AFTER THE FEAST OF YUEH BING.

Mott street awoke this morning with a slight jag on the remnants of yesterday's festivities. But Mott street didn't care, because it had a lot of fun and it was willing to pay for it by a slight enlargement of their craniums.

Yesterday was the feast of Yueh Bing in the Celestial quarters of this town, and the Chinamen celebrated it for all they were worth. It is the Feast of the Moon, and every good son of China showed his homage by propitiating the gentle luminary. He laid in moon cakes, roast pig, rice and other delicacies most dear to his stomach, and ate, drank and was merry.

Moon cakes are a funny mixture of unfermented dough with fruit, and nuts and meat and sugar thrown in. It is a sort of a plum-cake, but not a plum-cake.

Mott street was ablaze with lights last night. Paper colored lanterns were hung from every doorway and dangled in brilliant gayety from the fire-escapes.

The Celestials, with long queues and wide smiles, bowed in a blousy stream up and down the street, and the Chinese, with their click of the fan-chips were wafted out upon the Summer breeze, and everything was as gay as you please.

John said the moon was Yueh Bing, which is their droll Celestial way of saying she was a sort of a Christmas-Fourth or something of the kind. Hence those swollen heads to-day.

A GOOD NAVY, BUT IT COMES HIGH.

A Specimen Warship of John Bull that Cost \$4,312,970.

[From the London Daily News.]

A hundred years ago the expense of building a ship-of-the-line of 100 guns in the Royal Dock-yards was \$67,600. This included the cost of coppering and copper bolting, and of masts, yards, rigging, sails, anchors, cables, and all other boatwain's and carpenter's stores. This was the original expense of the Royal George, a 100-gun ship, launched in 1788 at Chatham. She was of 2,286 tons, and was about 190 feet long and 52 feet broad. The modern equivalent to the old wooden line-of-battle ship of the first rate is the first-class ironclad battleship, and the Trafalgar was regarded as a good specimen of the fleet and most recent vessels of this type. Her original cost, exclusive of armament, was no less than \$267,794. She is of 11,840 tons displacement, and is 345 feet long and 73 feet broad. Thus, while the first-class battleship of a hundred years ago cost only about \$27,112, the first-class battleship of to-day costs over \$272,681 per ton.

In the course of the century we have quintupled the size and increased by about twelve times the expense of our ships-of-war of the first class. The cost of a modern battleship of 17,800 tons is \$4,312,970. The first-class battleship of 1788 was of 2,286 tons, and was about 190 feet long and 52 feet broad. The modern equivalent to the old wooden line-of-battle ship of the first rate is the first-class ironclad battleship, and the Trafalgar was regarded as a good specimen of the fleet and most recent vessels of this type. Her original cost, exclusive of armament, was no less than \$267,794. She is of 11,840 tons displacement, and is 345 feet long and 73 feet broad. Thus, while the first-class battleship of a hundred years ago cost only about \$27,112, the first-class battleship of to-day costs over \$272,681 per ton.

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